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EDITORIAL

We're all geared up for our 40th anniversary issue next month, but first we've got December to get out of the way. It has its bad points – shiveringly shitty weather – and its good – women's nipples are 17% harder than in November. There'll be an office party – or not – there'll be pay rises – or not – and there'll be good will to all men. Or not. Don't worry, we'll keep on bringing you the world's finest girls, no matter the weather... ♣

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Published by Paul Raymond Publications, a trading division of Tri Active Media Limited (PRP), 207 Old Street, London, EC1V 9NR, England. Tel: 020 7608 6300. Printed by benhamgoodheadprint Limited, Bicester. Custodian of records for PRP is Andy Thorp. Any records the publisher is required by law to maintain are located at 207 Old Street, London, EC1V 9NR, United Kingdom. Fiction: all characters are fictitious and there is no intended reference to persons either living or dead. This periodical is sold subject to the following conditions, namely that it shall not without written consent of the publishers first given, be lent, re-sold, hired out or otherwise disposed of by way of trade, except at the full retail price of £4.80, and it shall not be lent, re-sold, hired out or otherwise disposed of in a mutilated condition or in any unauthorised cover by way of Trade or affixed to or as part of any publication or advertising, literary or pictorial matter whatsoever or sold to anyone under the age of 18. All contributions, including colour transparencies and photographs, submitted to the magazine are sent at the owner's risk. While every care is taken, neither PRP, nor its agents accept liability for loss or damage. Newstrade distribution by Seymour Distribution Limited, 2 East Poultry Avenue, London, EC1A 9PT. Tel 0207 429 4000. Back numbers and subscriptions enquiries: PO Box 6846, Finchfield, Essex, CM7 4WG or call 01371 811 299.

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ISSN 0955 1816.

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LETTERS TO THE LOUNGE

Send your letters to: The Editor, Club International, The Lounge Suite, 3rd Floor, 207 Old Street, London EC1V9NR or email clubint@paulraymond.com. Best letter published every month gets £50

Dear Club,
Last Halloween I went to a costume party with some University friends. I always used to dress for laughs, but this time I picked a sexy devil costume, including a red PVC corset. As well as cinching in my waist, it shoved my tits right up and made my arse stick out – an instant hard-on for plenty of blokes.

It unleashed my inner slut, too, got me flirting with men I'd normally consider out of my league. This made things interesting. I'd already got off with a blonde guy named Steven when Jay, whom I'd been fancying all year, hit on me. Lucky they were good friends who didn't mind sharing!

We split from the party, and Steven said maybe we should go and visit the local graveyard. "Cliché…" I said, but I was in the mood for a very sleazy fuck. Jay knew just the place – a yard that led off of an alleyway, full of rubbish and bins. And, though the entryway was dark, we set off a security light. Jay said, "Excellent, we want to see everything!"

I didn't deny them. I let them strip my skirt off, leaving me in spike-heeled boots, my corset, fishnet stockings and garters. Jay rearranged my tits so my nipples were just peeking out over the top of the corset.

"Lipstick?" he said, and smeared some on his thumb, using it to redden my nipples. Then he told me to put more on my mouth, very thickly. Steven, meanwhile, was in behind me, playing with my curvy arse. He sank down and started to eat my crack. Jay was sucking on my tits, my body squirming and gyrating between them. Now Jay gave me a kiss – just tongues so he wouldn't get a face full of lipstick. Then he tangled his fingers in the back of my hair, guiding my head downward. I got the message, unzipping his fly, freeing his cock and licking around his helmet.

Just as I felt him get a little frustrated with my teasing, I opened wide and took him down my throat, pressing my lips around his shaft as I pulled back again, streaking it root to tip with scarlet lipstick. I paused for a second, letting him look down at it, and at me. Then I wiped my mouth, deliberately spreading lipstick up my face, and went down on him again, taking it deep.

I got so lost in dick sucking, I barely registered when Steven kissed each of my arse cheeks. But I definitely felt it when he put his cock up to my pussy, then pushed in. I let him move my mouth on and off of Jay's prick, just letting him slide down my throat and out again.

Suddenly we realised we had an audience. Some bloke who'd wandered down the alley, probably looking for a shortcut or to take a leak, and had stumbled on a live hardcore fuck show. I noticed a movement in the shadows as he wanked himself, and told him to come and take a closer look.

The guys kicked it up a notch, fucking my mouth and pussy hard. I felt my tits spill over the top of the corset, slapping together with every thrust. Now Steven pulled out and walked around in front, pulling his pulsing, juice-drenched prick, hand slipping all over the shaft. I spit out Jay and took over wanking both cocks, aiming them at my boobs. One little sneaky pussy-flavoured suck on Steven's knob was all it took – then I had his cum gushing out all over my shoved-up tits.

Jay lasted a little longer. It took all I could give him with both hands and my mouth to get him spurting on my rack. But when he came, it was like each of his balls carried a double load. My tits aren't small, but they were totally swimming in thick white jizz by the time I licked the last drops off of his cock-tip.

Our audience – a

DYKE-U-LIKE!

Dear Club,
Loved those lezzie pics of Sasha in your last issue. I've got that DVD she did called *Revealing Sasha* and it's wonderful to see her in proper action. I understand why she doesn't do blokes – and I'd be insanely jealous of any bloke who did get to do her – but she can fuck with the best of them when it comes to girls. More lesbo action please!
John, St. Helens

Yes, we've got that DVD as well John. In fact, we might have to get another copy as it's looking pretty worn out! We don't want to jinx it, but we're hoping to have a special lesbian set of Sasha in our very next issue – the 40th anniversary one. But we're not saying any more until the cat's in the bag!

SPECS APPEAL!

Dear Club,
When Sasha was unveiled as the new *Club* girl, the photoset in the specs hit us with a bang. She is lovely, and we were invited to write in with our suggestions. I've had 3 printed already, been quite happy with that as I'm a bit of an idiot letter writer and I am getting nothing out of it really. Where are the ideas for Sasha coming from? I've had 3 letters printed yet surely my letter should be printed with the photoset I requested or why bother printing it?
J, Notts

Fair point, J, but that doesn't begin to tell the story. We get dozens of letters for Sasha, and can only print and put into action a small percentage of them. More importantly, in these days of reduced budgets (just so you know, Club is run for about a quarter of what it was when I started out as a sub-editor on it 12 years ago), we don't have Sasha hanging around the office waiting for us to dress her up. With her glamorous model life, we might only be able to get her to a studio with a snapper of our choice once every 6 months. Some of the photosets you see of her were taken well before she became Club's regular girl, some after. We're shooting her soon, and we'll be taking some of your – and other readers' – ideas along. But we can't shoot them all – and some of them are so weird (not yours, J!) we wouldn't want to!

man in his forties, I'd guess – was still beating his meat. I felt tempted to give him a quick suck, but he was close enough already. "Okay, give it to me," I said and he moved in, hand blurred on his shaft, to blow a third big load on my sticky tits

My craving for sleaze fulfilled, I let the boys take me back to Jay's place. There we all crammed into the shower where they scrubbed me clean, then gave me all the cock I could handle in a night. Happy Halloween indeed!
Imogen, Liverpool

PHOTOS: HOLLY RANDALL

MAD'S MEN!

Madison shows us her avenue...

Madison is such a huge fan of *Club*, when we offered to fly out to her, she offered to fly in to us. Maybe her place is just in a bit of a state...

"No, I've just always dreamed of being in *Club*," the LA sexpot tells us. "*Club* and *Mayfair* have always been the most glamorous magazines to be in, and that hasn't changed."

Why, thank you.

"I'm not doing it for you. I'm doing it for me! The more great magazines I'm in, the more places I can feature dance, the more porn companies will hire me. I'm glad if it helps you, but really I'm being very selfish."

Well, you did fly out to see us.

"Ah. Well, it might be that I'm planning on getting some English cock while I'm over in London. Any takers?" ♣

Enter Madison cunty only at...
www.paulraymond.com/club

MADISON

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PHOTOS: AUTOMODELZ

SHIA CLASS! ♣

She comes from a land down under...

Whenever an Australian girl graces our pages, it's usually the cue for us to make the usual tired jokes about Bouncer, Madge, Harold Bishop, Mrs Mangel, chooks and that mate of Paul Hogan's who always wore a swimming cap. But those days are over.

Yup, we're all grown up, because if Shia is today's modern Australian woman, then we want a piece of the action. We've already applied for a working visa ('occupation: pornographer'), and we've had all the shots so we don't get killed by big fuck-off spiders. We're off to Oz.

"Maybe I'll pass you on the way," laughs Shia, "because I'm coming to Britain."

Bloody hell. If you're not there that just leaves the spiders, backpacker murderers and old re-runs of *Prisoner: Cell Block H*.

"Don't worry, there are more Aussie girls. They're not all working in pubs in London."

And what are you going to do here?

"Er. I've heard about an interesting opening in the licensing trade..." ♣

Shia is stroking her slit for you at...

www.paulraymond.com/club

SHIA

Sasha's Secrets

Every month, Club's sensational regular girl Sasha will act out your fantasies. She's not shy – write to her and tell her exactly what you want her to do. Who knows, you might be lucky enough to get Britain's fittest lass juicing up over your letter and then making it come to life. Oh, and she gets even dirtier online, where we've got the pics we can't show you in the mag!

Sasha

Sasha's Secrets

Hi boys! I bumped into a couple of readers in a nightclub recently and had a lovely chat. They've bought all the issues of *Club* with me in, but they very sweetly said they preferred me in the flesh all dolled up for a night out. So I thought that might be a nice idea for a photo shoot (don't worry, I'll get round to all your fantasies eventually!), just me all ready to go out and have a few drinks with the girls. I'm sorry to say, we get pretty wild after a few vodkas, and things can get messy. Those two readers found out first hand, but they certainly went home happy! I hope you enjoy this shoot – and next month's wild 40th anniversary shoot – but keep writing me all your lovely, filthy letters. I can't get enough! ♣

Dear Sasha

You may think I'm a stalker, but I love you. Just to look at your petite tits and peachy bum had me instantly erect. The pics of you looking sexy like a tart – being put nicely – a few months back and also thinking back to Halloween – you can ride up and down my joystick till I come inside you. Bring along the costume too. Please dress up as a nurse, police officer or maid in the next issue to keep our members happy Finally, your lovely lesbian friend Valentina and you were beautiful in the latest issue!
Simon, Brighton

Hi Simon, thanks for your letter – there's nothing stalky about it, it's sweet! I've got a lovely nurses uniform that I might get out of the closet for a shoot very soon. Watch this space and keep shooting all your lovely sperm for me. Oh, and if you like lesbians, wait until next month...

Dear Sasha

I know *Club* isn't the first magazine that springs to mind when you think of messy, filthy, sploshy shoots, but I'd love to see you getting really mucky – preferably with a load of girls. You always look so well dressed and you have lovely make-up and hair, so it's the contrast with seeing you like that and afterwards covered with paint or mud or jelly that turns me on so much. In fact, you and another girl doing some jelly wrestling is my idea of heaven.
Carlo, London.

Being a city girl, I'm not all that used to getting down and dirty, Carlo, but if it involves me and another hot girl, I'll get as messy as I have to! In fact, while we didn't get out of hand, a girlfriend and I ended up having a bit of a cake fight for a shoot recently. You might even see that in the pages of Club very, very soon. xxx

Sasha's Secrets
Sasha's fingers do the talking at...
www.paulraymond.com/club

SASHA
Write to me at:
Sasha's Secrets
Club International
3rd Floor
207 Old Street
London
EC1V 9NR

PHOTOS: DDF

GROT TUB! ♣

Danika's dirty dip...

Danika is a brave girl. The day we turned up at her house to shoot her in the pool, the heating broke. So while there were plenty of bubbles in her 'hot' tub, it was actually more of a clap cold tub. But she showed some true grit by lowering herself slowly into the churning, freezing depths and toughing it out. Her nipples immediately sprung up like pygmy's cocks, which was a pleasant side effect.

"Bloody hell," said Danika who, whilst looking 'exotic', hails from Willesden. "I'm freezing my tits off in here."

We suggested she warm up those tits by rubbing them a lot – or letting us – and she opted for the former, strangely. Halfway through the shoot, a bloke turned up to fix the hot water, and we're sure he took about five times as long as it should take to replace a widget.

"He's looking at my fanny," said Danika, which as statements of the obvious go is right up there with pointing out the woodland areas popular with shitting bears. Still, we can't really blame him... ♣

Danika is diddling herself silly at...

www.paulraymond.com/club

DANIKA

POPSHOT CULTURE!

IF YOU LIKE PORN AND YOU LIKE LOOKING AT THE INTERNET, TRY DOING BOTH AT THE SAME TIME, RECOMMENDS GENIUS MATT SANDERS. HE'S RIGHT, YOU KNOW.

PORN STAR RETIREMENT HOME

Where we look back at the cock-slurpers who hung up their chaps...

No. 4 – APRIL FLOWERS

Born Diana Espen in Wasilla, Alaska in 1978, April Flowers (sometimes credited as April Summers) found her way into porn at the tail end of the 90s, and made quite an impression over the next few years. A slender, gym-toned frame, long blonde hair and the graceful look of a glamour model, coupled with the ability to look fantastic whilst speared on a big cock made her a popular star, and in the early 2000s she took home plenty of those AVN Awards. During this time, she even broached the mainstream, clocking up appearances in some cinema releases, such as *A Man Apart*, starring Vin Diesel (who, at this rate, will be less famous than April in about, ooh, two years' time).

And then she upped and left. Why? Where to? Well, the good news is she isn't dead or strung out on drugs somewhere. Quite the opposite, in fact. April is safely ensconced back in Wasilla, is married, has two kids and performs at strip clubs from time to time. She keeps fans updated on her Myspace page (yeah, you heard: Myspace – it is still going) so any Alaskans who wanna ogle her can find out which club she's dancing at. With no plans to go back into fucking on film (fair enough when you've got a family) it might just be worth seeing what a flight to Wasilla costs if you want to see this hottie's business once more...

BIRD OFF THE BOIL

YOU WOULD, WOULDN'T YOU? OR WOULD YOU?

THIS MONTH: Debbie Harry

Okay, you probably wouldn't. But if you'd had the chance back in the day, you'd have been a total mental patient not to. Debbie Harry, from the mid-seventies to the mid-eighties was probably one of the fittest women on the planet, if not THE fittest. And she managed that during some of the worst fashions known to man. She was a fucking stunner. And cool and aloof too. With a nice figure. Man, it would have been sweet to get a pop at that back in the day. But now well, things aren't looking so great. Blondie's turned a bit Greyie, and those years of partying have caught up with her. She sometimes comes across as a bit of a loopy old gran. But here's the thing: she'd be WELL experienced at, you know, sex AND you'd be able to tell people you'd bonked Debbie Harry. They don't need to know if it was über-cool 70s rocker Debbie Harry or Mad-Gran-at-Glasto Debbie Harry – that's immaterial. So yeah, count me in. I'll give her a go, and you lot can have my sloppy seconds. Wouldn't want to leave her hanging on my smelly-bone!

Want to see her heart of ass?

Come and follow me on Twitter: @popshotculture

NEWS OF THE SCREWS

YOUR MONTHLY ROUND-UP OF THE BIG STORIES IN THE PORN BIZ

Vachs is Back

Let's face it, it's annoying when your favourite porn star hangs up her stripper heels and fucks off out of the business, often with no trace as to where she's gone or why. So when blowjob queen Inari Vachs upped and left the biz eight years ago, fans were understandably miffed. But now she's back and about to appear in a very raunchy (from the sound of it) film called *Harder*, which will be released soon by Adam & Eve. And while this isn't exactly going to make the Channel 4 News or anything (although if it does, fair play), it serves as a glimmer of hope that in this multimedia age our fave cock-slurpers do sometimes reappear when they realise there's more money/fun to be had from peddling filth. Bravo, Inari, and may many others follow your shining example.

Sheen Is A Punk Rocker

You may recall that 'actor' Charlie Sheen trashed a hotel room a couple of months back, doing $7000 worth of damage and making the papers. Well, one person who's done rather well out of the whole brouhaha is up and coming porno starlet Capri Anderson, who was in the room when Sheen went over the edge (apparently she hid in his bog).

Since being revealed as the mystery woman (and not too happy about being branded an escort), Anderson's web site has been deluged with gawking fans. She's pretty cute too (watch this space to see all her important bits), so Charlie must be a bit gutted to have caused such a scene in front of her – there's no way she's gonna go threeway with him and Denise now. Dude, you blew it!

jizz on my twits

THE BIT ABOUT BABES WHO LOVE TO BLOG...

Bit of a departure from the norm here, as we spent the last few weeks following the Twitter feed of a porn star who bucks the usual conventions of her kind (i.e. showing pictures of her tits all the time and publicising whatever movies/live cams she's doing) by actually sharing her thoughts, opinions, political views and the odd poetic insight. Plus a few cheeky bum shots. The porn star in question is Aurora Snow, who's been on the scene a good while now and shows no signs of quitting yet. More importantly, she shows no signs of being a jelly-brained nincompoop – she's a vegetarian who reads good books, chats about philosophy with her followers, and sounds like she's a more adventurous chef than Heston bleedin' Blumenthal. Following Aurora, you actually get to feel you know her, which makes a lovely change from the deranged outputs of some of her contemporaries. Here are a few choice tweets:

"At Whole Foods... And the guy in line behind me totally hit on me. Endearing."

"How do you get through brutal rush hour traffic? Me- I fantasize. Flooding my mind w/graphic images. *daydreamy sigh*"

"Still in pajamas, hot green tea in hand, I'm heading out into the stillness of a predawn morning to drive my galpal to LAX."

"Almost bedtime....so sleepy. Who wants to join me? Need someone to snuggle with."

"Anyone know how to contact Long Dong Silver? I know someone looking to get in touch w/him. Yes, I know its a long shot- doesn't hurt to ask."

"Why is it that little dogs have no bladder control? Constantly cleaning..."

If you're a fan of her work (and if you're not then you really are a grade-A asshole) then you should get on down to www.twitter.com/MissAuroraSnow today.

Top Five...

Movie Lesbians

The girl-on-girl scenes that wanks were made for.

5: Angelina Jolie & Elizabeth Mitchell in Gia
Before Jolie got all famous (there isn't an issue of *Grazia* from the last five years without her on the cover) she got her norks out a lot more in films, and even had lesbo snogs. In *Gia*, Angelina plays the titular heroine, who takes drugs and sleeps with men and ladies. It's the ladies bit that's most fun.

4: Uma Thurman & Maria de Medeiros in Henry & June
A slow-moving and rather dull account of the life of womanizing writer Henry Miller in Paris, this biopic is enlivened no end by the sight of big-boobed Thurman and that French bird out of *Pulp Fiction* copping off. Highbrow porn, basically.

3: Naomi Watts & Laura Herring in Mulholland Drive
Yep, David Lynch's insane masterpiece is back again with the always-game Naomi Watts putting her fingers inside Laura Herring. Okay, you don't actually see her put her fingers inside her but you have to assume that's what was going on. Don't you?

2: Gina Gershon & Jennifer Tilly in Bound
Before the Wachowski Brothers made shit films like *The Matrix 2* and *The Matrix 3* and *Speed Racer*, they made good films like *The Matrix* and *Bound*, a lesbian crime thriller full of double crosses, unexpected violence and clit-rubbing.

1: Neve Campbell & Denise Richards in Wild Things
Often overlooked as softcore trash, *Wild Things* is actually a really good film with a twisty plot and heightened noir overtones. But you don't care about that, do you? You just care about the bit where Neve pours champagne on Denises's funbags. Or when they snog in the swimming pool. For shame!

PRICKIPEDIA

MORE SEX FACTS FROM AROUND THE GLOBE(S)

The term 'scumbag' was coined to describe a condom (which isn't a very kind thing to say about our jizz, is it?)

Semen contains zinc and calcium, both of which are good for teeth (yep, and no matter how many of these we come up with women still won't suck my dick)

The weird little smiley face you get on the top of rabbit vibrators is due to conservative Japanese sex toy manufacturers not liking them to resemble penises (this from a country that sells schoolgirl knickers in vending machines. Allegedly)

An estimated 6-9 billion condoms are used each year on our planet (and half of those are by me for posh wanks) ♣

club's kit bag

The column that's Walkman is on the fritz...

Sony A850 Camera

Roberts Solar DAB

Garmin Asus Nuviphone M10

Roberts Solar DAB
£80
www.robertsradio.co.uk

Roberts m ght have stuck steadfastly to their retro styling – and why not, it's clearly a great and successful USP – but they're not backwards-looking when it comes to their technology. This latest thing cleaves to their style, albeit with some eye-popping colours, but delivers on solar-powered DAB radio, and links up nicely with MP3 players too. The problem with solar-power, of course, is that it looks less enticing on a shitty grey Friday in Grimsby (no offence, Grimsbonians), but this offers a full day's play when fully charged. Yep, that's a full day of BBC strikes for your listening pleasure (a little bit of politics there).
Pros: Good price for a decent DAB radio, good battery life.
Cons: Some of the colours are distinctly icky, although we're sure someone wants a pink radio.

Sony A850
£2200
www.sony.com

If you're going to go in on this, you'd better be taking your photography seriously. At over 2 grand, it's really not for the bloke who just wants to take photos of his missus frothing herself off to send in to the *Escort* wives section. Well, you can, but you can do that on a disposable from Snappy Snaps. No, this is serious kit. 24.6 megapixels, great performance in low light conditions, amazing clarity, built for studio work. On the downside, it doesn't really undercut, price-wise, better cameras, by very much at all, and there's no HD video either. As lovely as it is, when snappers can spend a tiny bit more to get quite a bit more, it's not a must-have.
Pros: Brilliant quality, big screen for previewing.
Cons: A lot of money, no HD video, decent alternatives.

Garmin Asus Nuviphone M10
From £350
www.garmin.com

Whether you buy this or not depends on what you want from life. After all, many a Smartphone has a built in GPS, no matter how rudimentary. And there are Apps galore if you want to upgrade to a better one. This effort from Garmin is sat-nav first, phone distinctly second, but Garmin know how to do sat-navs better than the iPhone, and have a great battery too. So, Garmin's sat-nav kicks ass, but what about the phone? It's Windows Mobile which, no matter how you flip it, isn't as good as Android or the iPhone OS. Us? We're just calling the whole thing off.
Pros: Full Western Europe and UK maps.
Cons: Rubbish old Windows Mobile holds the phone back. ♣

PHOTOS: SCOTT WARD

ZED'S NOT DEAD! ♣

Zuzana just doesn't get this whole 's' thing...

Zuzana, our Eastern European friend, has been living in England for a few years now, making her way as a model. But surely it's time to trade in those hard, angular Z's for the sensuous curves of an S or two. What do you think?

"No, I will stay as Zuzana," she says firmly. "It's my name. There are enough Susan's and Susanna's already over here. I don't want to lose my heritage."

Ah, and what place with no vowels are you from?

"You make fun, but it is a beautiful place in Poland."

We're sure, but why are you here then?

"It's warmer, the men are nicer, and you have *Club International*."

You make a convincing point. Please feel free to keep all your Z's... ♣

Zuzana gets zeriously zexy over at...
www.paulraymond.com/club

INTERNATIONAL
club
ZUZANA

TALKIN' BLUE

Got an experience to share? Then send it in to Talkin' Blue at the usual address and if it's up to scratch you'll bag yourself £50!

RETRO-SEXUAL!

What Charlie lacked in class and taste, he made up for in fun. He was a hellraiser in his late forties, his retro-sex parties were legendary, and my stockings and hooker heels scored me an invitation. The girls outnumbered the guys, but I swing both ways like a dirty gate!

He spotted me in the crowd and got his other half – an Asian girl named Mandi – to summon me to the master bedroom. He was already naked, kissing with a skinny auburn girl named Zara. I looked at them, but I was pretty distracted by the room – satin sheets on a super-king-sized round bed, so tacky that it was probably hip!

I stripped down to my stockings. I just wanted to roll around on the silky fabric, and Mandi soon joined me. As we knotted ourselves into a sixty-nine, Mandi sitting on my face, Charlie moved Zara so he could do her doggie style and let them both watch the show.

She was into it as much as he was, wiggling her arse to massage his crotch as her eyes feasted on us. Then everything went dark, as Mandi squatted down deeper, letting me tongue her cunt as she sunk her fingers in me and sucked hard on my clit. My mind kept jumping between the juiciness of her fanny, and my own approaching orgasm, my oblivion only interrupted when Charlie asked Zara if he could pop inside of her.

She wanted his spunk in her cunt, and squealed like it was spurting out red hot. Then she shuffled over the giant bed, bumping up against us as she offered her creamed-up fuckhole to Mandi. Mandi started to lap at it, fingers working inside of me now. She got me cumming, and then I wiggled out from under her, letting her give all her attention to Zara.

Charlie wasn't ready to go again just yet, but that didn't stop him making out with me, feeling up my tits and soaking wet pussy. "That needs fucking immediately," he said, then grabbed his phone and sent a text message. About a minute later, this tall, buff bloke with coffee-coloured skin came into the room. "This is Jules," said Charlie. The old guy obviously liked to watch, and I was more than happy to give him a show with this sexy man.

"As I felt the weight and girth of his dick in my mouth, I wanted it in my cunt..."

I undressed Jules and gave his dick a sucking, but as I felt the weight and girth of it in my mouth, I wanted it in my cunt. I lay back on the bed, flaunting my shaved twat, and Jules got in between my legs. He grabbed my ankles and pushed them right up and back, further than I thought my legs could go, but it felt so arousing.

His cock was huge. Even when it filled me, I looked down and saw half the shaft was still outside of me. Still he pushed in, stretching my cunt so the walls pulled tight around it. He humped me hard but slow, staying in deep and leaning forward to suck on my nipples, which just got my pussy pulsing even tighter around his prick. I moaned with every thrust, I couldn't help myself, and while I wasn't surprised when Charlie began to pull himself off, I didn't expect the girls to stop their lezzie fun to stare at us.

Zara had total lust in her eyes, while Mandi just smiled knowingly, like she'd savoured Jules' meat plenty of times herself! I opened my mouth, coaxing Charlie to stick his dick in, but he shook his head and carried on wanking off, too busy enjoying the show.

I shut my eyes as I got close to cumming, though I kept picturing that thick, dark prick ploughing in and out. Then, as an orgasm shuddered through me, I felt a hot wet splat as Charlie's load splashed on my rack, shortly followed by an even bigger blast deep inside, as Jules jizzed in my clasping cunt. I earned myself a permanent place on Charlie's guest list – a huge compliment. Especially as I never even sucked or fucked him till the next time we

partied together. But that's another story…
Maggie, Altrincham

TIMESHARE TOOL!

One recent afternoon I was home alone when Richard – this fuck-friend of my friend Phoebe – showed up. Being the perfect hostess, I offered him a drink. We chilled out for a while – I'd never realised he was so great to talk to. Then – I don't remember exactly why – he admitted he'd had the hots for me since before he'd started fucking Phoebe. I couldn't resist a little cockteasing. I told him if he wanted to bang me on the couch, right here, right now, I'd spread my legs for him.

He called my bluff, kneeling next to me and kissing me, tongue flicking against my lips. Then he laid me back on the sofa and climbed on top, dry-humping against me through our clothes. We petted a little longer and he said if I wanted to fuck, to drop my knickers. I told him I wasn't wearing any. "Don't believe me?" I purred when his hand crept up my leg. He grinned when his fingers connected with my wet and totally naked cunt.

I started to move against them, moaning as he hooked them to catch my G-spot. "Cum for me…" he said, as I writhed under him – and that's when Phoebe walked in. She wasn't remotely mad at us. She likes Richard, but she also likes to share!

"Private party?" she asked. I told her to get naked and join us. She got herself a beer first, and stood there sipping it while she watched Richard get me off again. Then she poured a trail of it down from my tits to my cunt, for him to follow with his tongue.

While he was eating me out, she asked what we should do. I said give Richard the ride of the century. We got him on the sofa and I straddled his prick, rubbing the head against my pussy hole. Phoebe got in position over his face and then we both sunk down, slow and easy… This meant he got a sloppy mouthful of cunt, the very second his dick was engulfed by my snug pussy. We humped and ground on him, Phoebe grabbing my tits from behind, pulling me backward for a kiss, stretching my cunt to a

different angle. "Swivel around," she told me, and I did so slowly, keeping Richard inside of me.

Now I could make out with her, caress her little tits too, dip a hand down to find her clit. As I tickled it, she spasmed, sending a little burst of juice out into Richard's waiting mouth. Like a chain reaction, this got him stroking harder up into my splayed pussy. She got me cumming too; then she pulled off of Richard, leaving him a little dazed-looking, pussy juice all around his mouth. Like the poor boy hadn't taken enough teasing, she kicked off again, warning me that Richard had "anal mania" and that his cock might slip inside of my backdoor given the tiniest opportunity to do so.

"Well, if it feels good…" I said.

"I wouldn't know – I've never let him in there," she said. Phoebe's my friend, I'll make that clear. And we've never fallen out over a man, never will do. But I got this sudden, competitive urge to do what she wouldn't.

I straightened up, taking Richard's cock in my hand as it slid out of my cunt. Then I used the helmet to slather my bumhole with cream, before letting him penetrate my ring. He didn't last more than a minute or so, but I didn't care. As the spunk siphoned out his balls and up my arse, I leaned forward, shoving a tit in his mouth. That got me cumming too and then I kissed him, tasting my roommate's pussy.

We gave Richard a real eye-opener that afternoon, and now Phoebe says he's fucking his way around town, like he thinks he's some kind of superstud! Maybe he always was but needed us to unleash him. All I know is that the tang of her cunt on his lips has made me want to fuck with her, just the two of us next time. I promise I'll write to *Club* if it happens!

Diane, Stevenage

"He grinned when his fingers connected with my wet and totally naked cunt..."

GLAND DESIGNS!

I photograph unusual architecture and interior design for a few magazines and the occasional coffee-table book, which led me to Mariella and Amanda's interesting Spanish-Gothic style home just outside London. As they showed me around, Amanda acted a little giggly and eventually Mariella sighed, rolled her eyes and said, "Okay… show him."

Amanda raised her full skirt, to reveal a big, black strap-on dildo under it. She'd bet I'd be too busy, "getting a hard-on for the décor," to notice a fake one bulging under her clothing. Suddenly, I wasn't concerned with the décor any more. "So you girls use that on each other?" I asked. More eye-rolling. "Want to show me?" I grinned. I've been surprised at what I've got in the past just by asking, and they took it as a dare.

Mariella stripped, revealing some beautiful tattoos, and I asked her to leave on her fishnets and spike-heeled sandals. Amanda was wearing a mesh playsuit, and I saw the crotch was already ripped right out of it, presumably by her pussy-crazed girlfriend.

I watched as Mariella squatted over the dildo, flicking the tip against her swelling clit. "You – get naked," she said to me, so I dropped my trousers, already packing a hard-on. I wanked slowly and steadily while Mariella teased her twat, then my tool throbbed in sympathy as she suddenly sunk down on the toy.

She rode it hard, rocking on her heels, Amanda grabbing her cheeks to circle her on it. I thought I'd watch, hold back while I could, but she was beckoning me over. Mariella cupped my balls, my cock twitching wildly, right in her face. She slapped it against her tits a few times, spanking her nipples stiff. Then, finally, she closed her mouth around my helmet, leaving a circle of red lipstick around it as she gave it a sucking.

She was cool, never missed a beat all the while she was blowing me. Amanda was thrusting up, fucking in deep but Mariella looked up at me with big, sexy eyes and just sucked it all up. All of a sudden, though, she started to moan, slurping a bit louder around my dick. She spit me out for a moment, then let out a long, low groan, cramming my dick back inside of her mouth as Amanda eased the dildo into her arsehole. She was reaching down to her clit,

"She got the biggest toy of all and then pushed it slowly into my cunt..."

frigging over her friend's splayed body as she came, mouth closed tight around my meat. Then she told me, "Your turn," and got in a sixty-nine with her girlfriend.

I stood and watched as she gobbled the latex dick, but I didn't wait too long before getting in behind her. Her arse was nicely stretched, ready to take the real thing now. My girth was bigger than the toy, fitting snugly inside her hot hole.

As she sucked her friend, pulling the harness taut against Amanda's slit, I drilled her from the rear. My fucking got more urgent and, a split-second before I came, I pulled out so I could soak her cheeks with my spunk. Amanda wriggled out from beneath her for a look, and started rubbing the dildo in my mess. Then she got back in front of Mariella, so she could paint it over her tits and tongue.

All the friction from the harness had gotten Amanda hot for cock now, so I needed to get hard again – and fast. Mariella kept her happy for a while, unstrapping the dildo and giving her a gentle tonguing. When I was ready, I knelt between Amanda's legs. Mariella guided my prick in, stroking it, then stayed in position so she could watch close-up, and suck on cock or pussy as she liked. This time I came inside of Amanda but immediately after I pulled out, Mariella started eating her, sucking down my spunk like the cream from an eclair.

I didn't get all the pictures of the house I wanted, so I'm planning to head back. Or maybe I'm just hoping for another fuckfest...

Joe, London

LOVE DEUCE!

I met Kay in the gym at my local sports club – she's a MILF type, all long peroxide hair and lots of make-up. We worked out together a few times and she suggested we play tennis to mix things up a little. We had fun – she thrashed the arse off me on court and decided she wanted to do the same to me at home. A bit of healthy competition had got us both really horny.

"Winner's call," I said as we kissed, and she clicked her fingers and pointed downward. It had been a while since I'd tasted pussy, but after a few nervous licks at her juicing slit, it soon came back to me. About the least-challenging aspect of the day was making Kay cum – no matter where I licked her, whatever fold I traced with my finger, her pussy was soon tingling and spasming with pleasure.

As I got two fingers in her hole she guided me to rub her G-spot, while her hand gently held my mouth tight to her clit. I got so lost in sucking her, then as I felt her cum, I switched to eating her pussy, swallowing down her juices.

"Okay, loser," she laughed. "Your turn to cum." She laid me on the bed with pillows under my bum, then chowed down on my pussy so expertly, I wondered if she was the über-dyke at

the sports club! Then all I could think about was the powerful ripples travelling out of my pussy and through my entire body.

I asked her what she did if she got home after exercise, with nobody to fuck. She answered that she just fucked herself. She had a box of toys squirreled away in a cupboard, and chose a slim plastic vibe. "It's the first one I ever bought and still the best," she said, running her hand over it lovingly.

She wasn't kidding – the way her pussy twanged as she played the buzzing tip against her clit set off a twitch in my cunt too, just from watching! I was halfway to cumming again as she used it on me, but I was still distracted, eyeing up the dildos in her toybox.

She gave me a smile to say that she'd noticed, and I said I always came hardest with a fat cock in my cunt. She made a little show of selecting one, pulling it out of the box, only to place it back inside to grab something bigger.

One time, she got the tip of a thick latex dildo right at my opening, then plunged it in her own twat, acting like this was an impulse thing. Her thighs and most likely her pussy squeezed tight to keep it inside of her. Then she got the biggest toy of all and pushed it slowly into my cunt, wiggling it about as she moved it in deeper.

With the dildo stretching me open and the vibe on my clit, I soon began to cum. Just little jolts and shocks, mini-orgasms, but building up to a biggie. I was moaning and Kay said I needed to shush and save my energy for cumming. So she pulled the big dildo out of her own cunt, and gave it me to suck on. I don't know what nerve it touched, but I went crazy, almost fucking myself off of the bed. I hung on tight to the headboard, tits bouncing everywhere, which gave Kay a thrill.

Then the most almighty orgasm hit me so hard I screamed around the toy. My pussy was burning up with pleasure, Kay just resting my dildo on her palm, feeling my muscles move it against her. I came again as she pulled it back out, then watched her suck my juices from it.

We're tennis friends now, playing at least once a week – always followed by a real dirty fuck session. But now Kay is talking about recruiting men to play mixed doubles, and provide some real cock for the 'after-play'. I think fucking each other with toys has given us an appetite for the real thing!

April, Rotherham

BURLESQUE BONING!

Jerry was the casting director for a sexy cabaret show he was planning to tour around – cashing in on the burlesque craze, I suppose. It was set in a strip club, and he wanted genuine dancers to play the extras. I auditioned, only for him to tell me I didn't get a part because I'd, "eclipse the leading lady." Bullshit, I thought, though he stuck to that excuse, especially when he was hitting on me, telling me I'd made him rock hard, while she'd never given him the slightest twitch in his boxers. But I am totally not kidding when I say that I fucked him anyway because he's sexy and not for any ulterior motive.

He loved the tacky retro-style furniture where I dance, said it was asking to get fucked on, by swingers. And, as he'd hired the place for his auditions, we could do whatever the hell we liked there. He laid down on it and had me strip down to my sexy platform spike-heels, then strut in front of him as he masturbated. Then I got on my knees and began to suck his dick, just to get him properly hard to fuck me.

He wanted me on him reverse cowgirl, but I said the boss would fire me if I spiked his sofa. "I'll buy his fucking sofa. I'll buy all of them," Jerry bragged, but rolled over on his side and stuck his dick in while I got on all fours next to him.

It felt a little weird but fantastic, his thick prick stroking all parts of my pussy at angles I'd never experienced before. He grabbed a handful of tit and another of arse-cheek, leaving me to stick a couple fingers between my legs and strum my clit.

I work on my pussy muscles, just like the rest of my hard body, so it grips tight around a cock when I'm being fucked. Perhaps a little too tight for Jerry. He grunted, actually pulled out and tapped it against my cheeks, before taking three deep breaths and pushing back in again.

"Just cum when you want," I purred. "If it's quick, I'll just take it as a compliment." I think I caught him off guard, especially when I closed tight around his dick. He groaned, and immediately I felt the cum spurt out deep in my twat.

When he was ready to go again, I sucked him loud and messily, smacking my lips. But he still wanted his reverse cowgirl. This time, he sat on the sofa with me on his lap, so our legs were dangling over.

He hooked his arms under my knees, holding my feet clear, so all my weight was bearing my pussy down on his cock – he was ploughing up into me like I was feather-light.

He even managed to get his hand on my tits, but once again it was down to me to frig myself, and it wasn't long before I was cumming around his dick again. He

bounced me gently, enjoying the feel of my warm pussy around his prong. Then he pulled me backward, tip against my crack, asking could he do me in the arse.

"Yes," I groaned and he lowered me back down, letting me use my hand to wet us both with juices and then guide him in. He was parting my cheeks so wide he had no trouble slipping in, but I felt like I was stuffed brim full of his meat as my arse-cheeks contacted with his crotch.

He didn't thrust, just ground, moved me atop his cock, circling and rocking me from side to side. It's hard to say exactly what set me off cumming – all I know is I didn't stop for so long, not till I had to beg him to blow his wad, because I was overloaded with pleasure. Even then, as I felt his hot jizz wash through me, I let out a big sigh and felt the intense sensation spread out of my arse and through my pussy.

Jerry has my number. Whether he'll call me with an offer for the cabaret, or just to fuck, I don't know. My head's hoping for the former, but my pussy just wants that cock again!

Rebecca, Essex

"I work on my pussy muscles so it grips tight around a cock when I'm being fucked..."

RAIDERS OF THE LOST RACK!

I'm a man of simple tastes – big-titted girls do it for me every time! Take Alicia – I noticed her strutting around the club in her high heels, her curvy arse and huge tits bouncing, and couldn't resist trying my luck. A few drinks later and she was back at my place, straddling me on the bed, naked boobs right in my face. They were too big to fit in my hands, so I just grabbed what I could.

I would have buried my face between them, but I needed to breathe, so I just sucked on them. Her nipples weren't huge, but they felt good to tease. And it made her horny. A couple of minutes later, her hand was in her knickers. Mine soon followed it, touching her wet and sticky twat. I pulled it out again, seemingly for a taste, but really because I wanted to go back to groping her boobs. She asked if I wanted her to ride my cock, so I'd get the best of both!

I could have got lost between her tits, but she deserved a good fucking too. I angled her pussy and ground my cock inside of her, so every spot got stimulated. She kept her fingers on her clit and soon I felt her cunt muscles contract around my shaft, then ripple in orgasm.

I pulled out and used my fingers to bring her to another climax, then I straddled her body and placed my wet cock along her cleavage. It just came naturally to her to shove her boobs tight together, molding them around my shaft and wanking my dick. And I let myself go, fucking her boobs for all I was worth, ready to ride them all the way.

I came even quicker than I expected. As I watched her pinch a hard nipple between her fingers, I pulled out and smeared it with pre-cum from my tip. Then gave the other the same treatment. Suddenly I lost control, groaned her a warning that I was cumming – just as I gave her a hot spunk shower.

My dick throbbed as I watched her play with her tits, picking strings of cum to lick off of her fingers. Then I used my dick to smear the mess over even more of her hot body.

"I reached right forward, cupping her tits as I jackhammered in and out..."

Like I said, I'm a man of exceedingly simple tastes – I'd have been happy for life just from fucking Alicia's magical tits, but I got a bonus, too. I got my first good look at her pussy naked as she bent over my bath to soap her tits – as much to give me a thrill as to clean off my jizz! But my eyes kept getting drawn to the moistening pussy and the peachy tan flesh surrounding it.

I already knew what a tight, fuckable fanny she had, and it felt even better now she'd cum. I heard the juices squelch as my dick ploughed in. Then I stirred around inside of her, buried deep as she reached down to caress my balls. "Okay," she breathed, releasing them. "Go harder. Fuck me deep."

I was literally rebounding off of her curvy arse, her buttocks like cushions spreading as my crotch rubbed up against her crack. She was a tease – kept reaching under the tap, splashing water back over her body and mine, making me jump and fuck her even harder. Soon her heels were slipping on the wet floor, so we got down, doggie style. Now I reached right forward, cupping her tits as I jackhammered in and out, squeezing them hard as I felt my balls bunch up and my spunk jet out.

I stayed inside of her long enough for her to cum around my dick, as she frigged herself to a finish. Then as I pulled out, she caught a handful of cum and juices, and ate them off of her fingers, with total relish.

I was all fucked out, my balls drained completely dry when she finally left the next day – but they were refilled and ready for more a few hours later. I figure with her amazing looks, she gets plenty of cock. But she's making time for mine too!

Duncan, Surrey ♣

THE PORNOGRAPHIC BRIT AWARDS 2010

It's that time of year when all the record company bosses are fingering each other's arse and hoping that their artists have come up top trumps at the 'Pornographic BRIT Awards.' Will it be Take That? Will it be Craig David? Will it be JLS? Will it fuck!

Best Englishmen

MUMFORD & SONS

Folk was cooler in 2010 than Vanilla Ice was in 1990 and shagging hippy types and vegans seemed to be the done thing. As a result, fannies became hairier and sex generally became smellier. "I really fucked it up this time, didn't I, my dear?" sang the lead singer, with his dick up his girlfriend's best mate's arse, probably.

Best Jocks

BIFFY CLYRO

With 2 ginger brothers and a funny band name, the odds could have been stacked highly against Ayrshire's finest. Fortunately for them though, the ladies loved their songs and backstage blowjobs were easier than from a third world prostitute.

Best Yanks

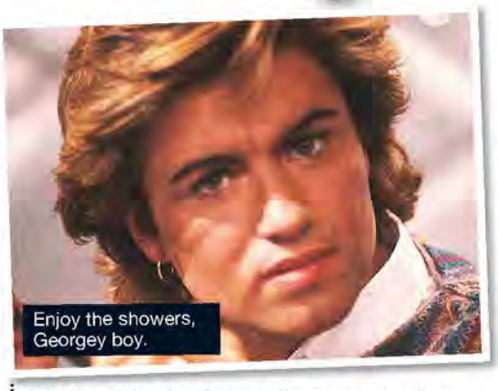
THE NATIONAL

"Why won't you make love to me, instead of always fucking me?" whinges the girlfriend, with come dripping down her face. This problem sounds familiar? Then invest in The National, a band who will morph you into a master of the Kama Sutra and who will no doubt leave your Mrs extremely grateful. Like a Barbour jacket, this is not for chavs.

Best Mishap

GEORGE MICHAEL

Old Georgios won this award in 2008; his mother must be so proud of him and probably keeps it on the mantelpiece next to the Smash Hits awards. Popular with the lads up at Hampstead Heath, the ex Wham star had a bit of bother when he drove his 80 grand Range Rover slap bang into the side of a Snappy Snaps photo shop. Every cloud has a silver lining though, and after admitting having a toke on the squidgy black, George Mick went about making new friends in the showers of Pentonville.



Enjoy the showers, Georgey boy.

Best Mayhem

LEEDS FESTIVAL

Stick your tent up. Get off your tits. Watch a band. Get off your tits. Find the scousers in the VIP tent selling 'pretty much everything'. Get off your tits. Go on the dodgems. Get off your tits. Silent Disco. Get off your tits. Drive to a pub on the Saturday to watch the footie. Get off your tits. Campsite DJs. Get off your tits. Finger a girl in your best mate's tent. Get off your tits. Go and find those scousers again. Get off your tits. There are numerous opportunities to get on it at Leeds Festival, and that's why we like it so much.

Best Band Who Refused To Do An Interview

THE NEW PORNOGRAPHERS

Akin to The National, The New Pornographers also made a few more fans this year, and the obvious progression was getting onto the music pages of everybody's favourite wank mag – that's us, by the way. With a name like theirs, one would have thought it was a dead cert. Unbelievably, the band declined our offer saying it wasn't, "the right sort of publication." Still, they gave us free tickets to their shows and we have since forgiven them.

Best Tour

MANIC STREET PREACHERS

With a new album out, the Welsh lads could have bored the tits off us and left us wishing we'd spent the £25 + booking fee on plant fertiliser. This was not the case, however, as the taffies played nearly 2 hours of classics, old and new, keeping every bugger happy. The only complaint would have to be the serious lack of young pussy present, but I suppose you have to see N-Dubz to get that.

Who's Gavin and who's Stacey?

Best Website

BEARDROCK.CO.UK

Don't go on this if you're about to blast one off the side of your palm – it's full of men with hairy faces. It is, however, a fantastic resource of quality music – so check it out and indulge. Please note ladies: it is still unacceptable for you to have facial hair.

Best Song

EXAMPLE: Kickstarts

A great song to come up to in the summer, especially with the sunshine sorting you tan out and your girlfriend sorting your balls out. Everybody loved this – scallies, posh birds, dust bin men; even your Grandad put his fist in the air. A job well done.

2011's

YOUNG WHIPPER SNAPPERS

WATCH THESE LITTLE FUCKERS STORM THE DANCE FLOORS IN 2011...

Chapel Club
A drop of Coldplay with a slice of Joy Division – the girls will bloody love them.

Futures
Indie youths on the same label as Razorlight. A magnet for fresh snatch.

The Joy Formidable
Fronted by a blonde beauty who will leave you gagging for a wank.

ON THE GAME

TRON: EVOLUTION

(Disney Interactive)
PC, PS3, Xbox 360
★★★★★

TRON might have been inspired by video games, but the video games its inspired itself are nothing to write home about. *TRON: Evolution*, set between the action of the original movie and the soon to arrive sequel, *TRON: Legacy*, is in a different class. It's got all the light-cycles and disc combat you'd expect, but it looks amazing too, the input from *Legacy* director Joseph Kosinski and CG experts he used helping lift it to the next level. The story bridges the gap between the two movies as well, so is essential for *TRON* nerds. And if there's one thing *TRON* attracts, it's nerds. We should know.

NEED FOR SPEED: HOT PURSUIT

(Criterion / EA
XBOX 360, PS3, PC
★★★★

Playing this is like playing a particularly exciting episode of *Police Camera Action*. As either a cop or someone trying to get the fuck away from the cops, you drive like a lunatic, using weapons or evasion equipment to try and get the edge. So far, so good, but the developer is going in big on the online element with a system called Autolog that lets you drop in on your friend's game, constantly updating your times, photos and challenges. You can already play them online at most games, but this is something different. Cops and robbers the social networking version? Sounds okay to us.

NAIL'D

(Deep Silver)
PC, PS3, Xbox 360
★★★★

You're not going to be able to get your hands on this until next February, but *nail'd* looks like it might just knock *Pure* off its perch as the best offroad racer we've played. It's pure arcade fun, with death-defying jumps and stunts making this an adrenaline-charged experience – something that's enhanced by the metal soundtrack. Bombing around Yosemite National Park to Queens of the Stone Age on a quad bike is just as much fun as that sounds. ♣

OFF YOUR HEDONIST

Something to watch instead of the latest Vicar of Dibley xmas special...

RATINGS: ★ FAIRIES ★★ WITCHES ★★★ WEREWOLVES ★★★★ ZOMBIES ★★★★★ VAMPIRES

METROPOLIS

(MASTERS OF CINEMA DVD £22.99, BLU-RAY £24.99, STEELBOOK £29.99)

Among the lost holy grails of cinema, two trouble film fans the most – Orson Welles' original cut of *The Magnificent Ambersons*, and the huge chunks missing of Fritz Lang's visionary *Metropolis*. These chunks were presumed lost forever, but with 25 minutes resurfacing in South America recently, they've been painstakingly restored. Now, for the first time ever, we're afforded something close to Lang's ideal cut, the version first screened in Germany in 1927. They're far from superfluous – in fact, they clarify and develop several key plot strands. The print is as pristine as you could wish, the 5.1 sound a delight, the 56 page booklet beyond informative, the packaging as luxurious as the whole kit and caboodle deserves. Treat yourself to a cinematic landwork as its auteur intended, nearly 90 years later.

★★★★★

We've got 3 copies of the Blu-ray of Metropolis to give away, courtesy of Eureka Video's Masters of Cinema Series. Simply email the name of Metropolis' mad inventor to clubint@paulraymond.com for your chance to win one.

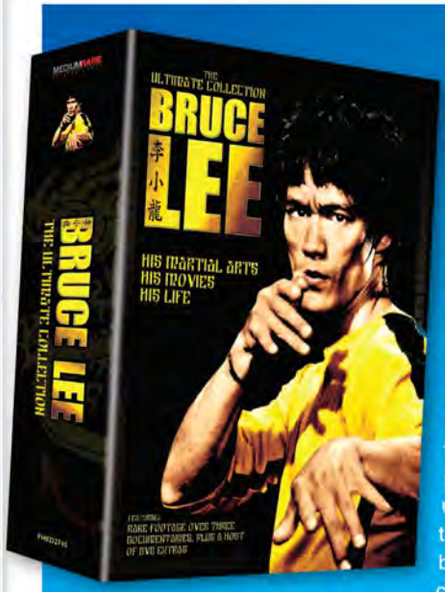
IT'S A WONDERFUL LIFE & HOLIDAY INN

(UNIVERSAL PICTURES £17.99 EACH)

The story of how Frank Capra's *It's a Wonderful Life* went from being a flop to a seasonal classic has been told many times, but what's overlooked in the rush to hail this as a Christmas classic is just how dark it is. Before the payoff, it's as bleak a look at a man's struggle with the disappointment he feels his life to be as you'll ever see. Needless to say, James Stewart is incredible, and this re-mastered version looks the business. If you're finding it a hard sell for the kids in black and white, there's a colourised version too. *Holiday Inn* doesn't have a dark heart, but it does have Fred Astaire, Bing Crosby, *White Christmas* and many timeless Irving Berling numbers. It's as toasty and Christmassy a double-bill as you could wish for.

★★★★★

We've got 3 copies of both classics to give away. Simply email 'I'm dreaming of a White Xmas' to clubint@paulraymond.com for your chance to win one.



BRUCE LEE – THE ULTIMATE COLLECTION

(MEDIUMRARE ENTERTAINMENT £29.99)

The life and career of the legendary Bruce Lee has been, seemingly, exhaustively chronicled, but this 3 disc set is still able to offer something new for completists and casual fans alike. Three programmes – *Jeet Kune Do*, *The Intercepting Fist* and *Path of the Dragon* – combine behind-the-scenes footage, training movies, interviews and even previously unseen excerpts from the unfinished *Game of Death*. You'll have to go elsewhere for the classc films, but this is still a great package. Lee's charisma and innovation still stand out, a man who lived up to the legend.

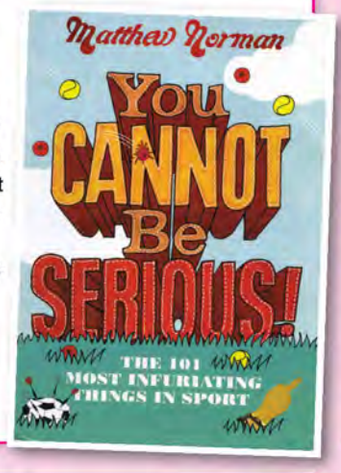
★★★★

Mediumrare have furnished us with 3 copies of Bruce Lee: The Ultimate Collection. To win one, email clubint@paulraymond.com with the answer to this question: Where was Bruce Lee born?

bookclub

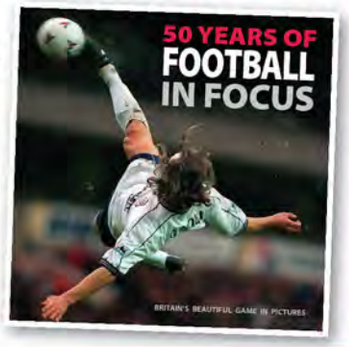
Stick your Kindle up your arse...

You Cannot Be Serious – The 101 Most Infuriating Things in Sport – Matthew Norman (Fourth Estate £14.99)



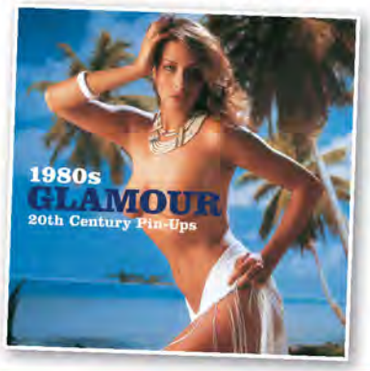
When it comes to vitriol, journalist and author Matthew Norman knows how to pour it on thickly. You can imagine the objects of his disdain bristling – and they do – but Norman is a good enough writer to make his case and deliver laughs, even if you disagree utterly. Here he takes apart Willie Carson's "demented giggle", points out that "insincerity oozes like toxic treacle" from David O' Leary and reserves top spot for Peter Alliss: "the editorial column of the *Daily Mail* given legs and voice." It's a toilet read, definitely, but one that'll leave you cackling with schadenfreude and glee. ★★★★

50 Years of Football in Focus (Ammonite Press £16.99)



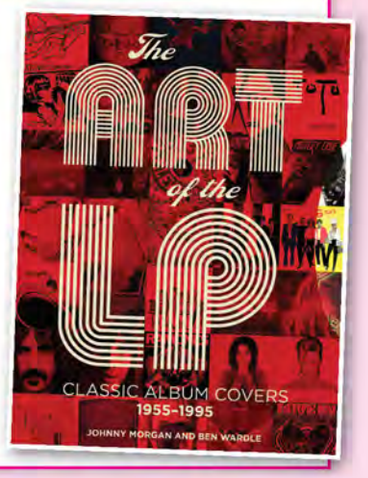
Football is so stage-managed now – press conferences with pre-vetted questions, photoshoots with sponsor's logos carefully positioned, 3D swoops on Sky – that it's easy to forget that, once they're out on the pitch, the long lenses can be unforgiving if you slip over and one of your ginger bollocks pops out. *50 Years*... doesn't have any bollock shots, thankfully, but it's a cracking chronicle of the players, managers, fans and grounds we both love and hate. The text is rudimentary and limited to explanatory captions, but this is all about a visual record of football, balls and all. ★★★★

1980's Glamour: 20th Century Pin-Ups (Ammonite Press £14.99)



Until you pick up an old scud mag from 20 years ago, you might not realise quite how much things change. The fashions they're stripping out of obviously do, but you'll also notice different barnets, hugely different make-up and, of course, pubic topiary. This collection is knocked together from two rival magazines we won't name, and pays tribute to an era many of us grew up sexually in – a pre-internet time when more time, care and money went into top shelf photography. Read it and seep. ★★★

The Art of the LP: Classic Album Covers 1955-1995 – Johnny Morgan & Ben Wardle (Sterling £20.00)



Books collating cover art are usually a a doss – lots of pictures, not much copy. But fair play to Wardle and Morgan here, who've taken the time to 'theme up' their book, dividing covers into areas like sex, art and politics, even if sometimes you're not sure why one is one category and not another. They provide pretty subjective remarks on the covers as well, but that's entertaining. The only downside is their diss to one of the best covers in the history of music – AC/DC's stunning *If You Want Blood*. Think again, lads. ★★★★

The Official MCC Ashes Treasures – Bernard Whimpress (Carlton Books £30)

By the time you're reading this, the latest Ashes series will already be in full swing, a series that appears evenly matched with England having every chance of performing well in Australia for the first time since the 80's. This wonderful book is the perfect accompaniment – not only the story of the Ashes, packed with illuminating text and wonderfully evocative pictures, but incredible fold out facsimiles of such artefacts as souvenir booklets, scorecards and match tickets. Lovingly put together, this is damn near essential for any cricket fan. ★★★★★

Commando: High Explosive Box Set – George Low (Carlton £59.99)

Commando, *War Picture Library*, *Battle* – ah, we're having a Proustian moment here at *Club* as we remember reading our favourite pocket-sized war comics on the school bus as kids, German's screaming 'gott in himmel' or something as they fell under a hail of fire from plucky Tommy's. They've been reprinted over the last few years, but this box set – 36 issues bringing together three classic *Commando* collections – is a perfect Xmas gift, especially as it comes with a reprint of *Commando* issue two – 'They Called Him Coward'. ★★★★★

CLUB'S ROUGH GUIDE TO...

THE ASHES

IT'S ONE OF THE SPORTING WORLD'S MOST ENDURING RIVALRIES, BUT CAN ENGLAND DO WHAT THEY HAVEN'T ACHIEVED SINCE 1986 AND DEFEAT THE AUSSIES IN THEIR OWN BACKYARD. MATT LOXHAM THINKS THEY CAN, BUT WHAT DOES HE KNOW?

HISTORY

When England were beaten by Australia on home turf for the first time ever back in 1882, The *Sporting Times* newspaper ran a mock obituary that declared: 'English cricket, which died at the Oval on 29th August 1882. The body will be cremated and the ashes taken to Australia'.

Unlike today, when defeat to our Antipodean rivals is more a disappointment than any real surprise, that England had lost to a mere 'colony' was back then considered a huge embarrassment and a major shock, and the next English tour of Australia, which took place in 1882-83, was dubbed as 'the quest to regain the Ashes'. And so the famous series was born, although the name took a little while to properly catch on.

England regained some dignity with a closely fought 2-1 victory, and after the third test a group of Australian women presented the then England captain Ivo Bligh with a terracotta urn containing the burnt remains of what is commonly thought to be a bail, but what some believe could either be the casing of a cricket ball, a stump, or even the remains of a lady's veil.

It was given to represent the fact that Bligh had indeed won back the 'ashes', and he duly took the gift home and stuck it on his mantelpiece (it now resides permanently at Lords cricket ground, and remains a symbolic, if not actual, trophy for the winners) putting the legend to rest until it was revitalised a full 20 years later for England's 1903 jaunt around Australia.

With professional and amateur teams playing matches against those from Australia, the notion of there being an official series had become somewhat confused. However, on the back of four straight Ashes defeats for the professional side, this time the Marylebone Cricket Club (MCC) decided to take control of the situation and organise a tour featuring the best players available. England captain Pelham 'Plum' Warner upped the ante by stating confidently that he would regain the 'Ashes', a promise he delivered on with a 3-2 victory. On this occasion the term stuck, and ever since that famous win in 1903 that's how the series has been commonly known.

Over the years the quest for Ashes glory has seen some of the greatest players ever to grace the game go head to head in the name of the famous urn. The contest has provided thrilling victories, controversy and plenty of brilliant cricket, and both England and Australia fans will be expecting more of the same this Winter.

ASHES LEGENDS

SHANE WARNE

Even though he retired in 2008, Shane Warne is a name that still sends shivers down the spines of many a batsman. Indeed, bearded England legend Mike Gatting probably has nightmares to this day about the 'ball of the century' that so famously humiliated him in the first test of the 1993 Ashes series, spinning at an almost impossible angle to clip his off-stump, leaving Gatting, a world class player of spin-bowling no less, looking like a clueless oaf.

Warne tormented his opponents with deliveries that were accurate, varied and often impossible to read, reasons why he's considered by many to be the finest specialist bowler ever to grace the game, and one who is credited with reviving the art of spin.

No doubt the England players will be overjoyed that they don't have to face his 'googlies', 'flippers' and 'leg breaks'.

IAN BOTHAM

One of the greatest all-rounders in cricketing history, Ian 'Beefy' Botham gave what were arguably the most heroic performances of his career in the Ashes series of 1981, and all this immediately following his resignation from the England captaincy because of a loss of form.

After a defeat, a draw, and with England in terrible trouble in the third test at Headingley, Botham hit a half-century and took six wickets in the first innings, and smashed 149 not out in the second, an incredible knock that is considered by cricketing bible Wisden to be the fourth best of all time, and one that provided the platform for England to go on and miraculously win the match.

Botham's heroics in the fourth test, where he took five wickets for one run to turn the game on its head, meant England snatched victory from the jaws of defeat once again, before going on to take an unlikely series victory to boot.

SIR DONALD BRADMAN

Boasting an incredible career Test average of 99.94, Bradman is considered to be the greatest batsman ever to have taken to the crease.

Former Australia captain Bill Woodfull said that 'The Don' was 'worth three batsmen' such was his ability to consistently rack up the runs, and his commitment to entertaining, attacking cricket meant he was also hugely popular with not just Australian fans, but fans of the game in general.

In the Ashes of 1930, Bradman routed the England bowlers and hit several multiple-centuries on his way to an awesome 139 average for the series, and in the process even broke the batting world record with an innings of 334 in the third test, becoming the first – and still only – player to score over 300 runs in one day of cricket.

THE BODYLINE SERIES

With Donald Bradman at the height of his powers and a fearsome Aussie batting line-up firing on all

"Come back here you little red ball bastard!"

"I will surprise them with a strangely camp dance."

cylinders, for the 1932-33 Ashes series England had to try and achieve the impossible and defeat their supremely talented rivals on their own turf.

England Captain Douglas Jardine, a man who openly disliked the Australian people and who was determined to return back to Blighty victorious at all costs, felt that Bradman and his teammates were vulnerable against quick, high-bouncing deliveries, and he instructed his two pace bowlers, Harold Larwood and Bill Voce, to aim short-pitched and fast at leg-stump so that the ball would jag up into the body of the batsman and hit them in the ribs or even on the head if they didn't get out of the way or play a stroke.

By packing the leg-side with a line of fielders, the idea was that the Australian batsmen would have to take evasive action to avoid being hurt and play rash shots, thus giving away their wickets to easy catches.

The tactic worked, with England ultimately winning the series 4-1, but the victory came at a price. Bodyline, as the Australian press called it, was considered unsportsmanlike, dangerous and an insult to the sport of cricket by the large majority of fans, players and the media. On several occasions it almost caused rioting in the stands as home batsmen were bruised and battered by the aggressive bowling, and even after the series was over Anglo-Australian relations remained strained. Business between the two countries was affected, and to this day the Bodyline series is considered to be one of the most important and notorious events in cricketing history.

Although the odd 'bouncer' or 'beamer' is still perfectly legitimate, the rules of the game have been changed to ensure a repeat of the tactic can never happen again.

ASHES 2010/11

The Aussies are desperate to win the Ashes back after losing them 2-1 on these shores last Summer, but it might not be as easy as it was the last time they were contested on Antipodean soil, when England were thrashed 5-0.

Ricky Ponting's Baggy Greens – a nickname coined after the caps the Australian players wear – are in the midst of their worst run of form for 22 years, and as the first Ashes test looms on November 25th at the Gabba in Brisbane, the pressure is mounting.

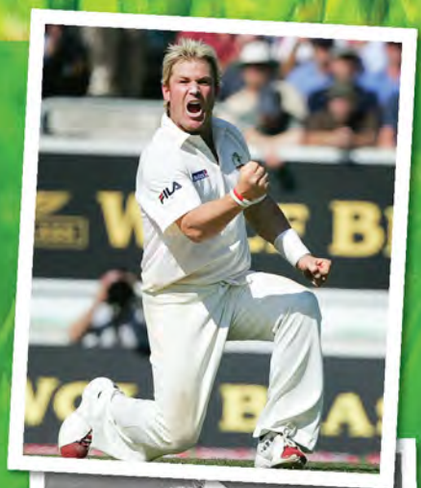
England, on the other hand, are in pretty good nick, and after a drawn series against South Africa this year and victories over Bangladesh and Pakistan, the team are in confident mood.

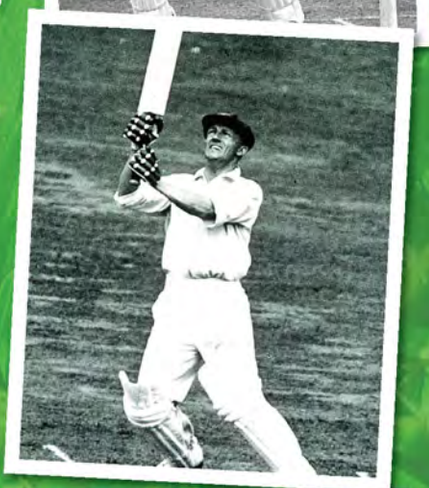
However, the fact that England haven't won an Ashes series in Australia since the 1986-87 tour looms large, and it will still take a herculean effort to retain the urn. The performances of Kevin Pietersen will be key to our efforts, an inspirational matchwinner with the bat on his day, but who has been dogged by injury and patchy form of late.

Alastair Cook and Paul Collingwood have also struggled to find any fluency in recent knocks, and it's perhaps just as well that captain Andrew Strauss has emerged as one of the best opening batsmen in the world, and he showed he's bang on form with a century in the first series warm-up match against Western Australia. More positives come in the shape of Jonathan Trott, who enjoyed a promising 2010, scoring 226 against Bangladesh and 184 against Pakistan, and Jimmy Anderson, who is back after breaking a rib whilst boxing in training. That's right, boxing.

With the ball, seamer Stuart Broad and spin-king Graeme Swann – both of whom can be quite the all-rounder on their day – will be crucial to England's attack, with the pair having enjoyed success against the Aussies during the victorious series of Summer 2009.

With the Baggy Greens' off the boil and England confident, this Winter's Ashes should make for fascinating viewing. But write off the Aussies at your peril… ♣





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SPEED (WICKED)

Recession? What recession? Wicked's latest opus arrived in a box the size of a smartcar, and the box inside (which contains another box, with the DVD in it) is huge as well. Does the film match up to the packaging? You bet. This 3 disc set has a huge cast – jessica drake, Kirsten Price, Alektra Blue, Kaylani Lei all present and correct – and some pretty nifty bikes, with a hint of TV's *Sons of Anarchy* about the plot. The action revs up sweetly too, with jessica doing a DP, and guest fucks from Tory Lane, Tori Black and Alexis Texas as well. Porn film of the year? Watch the awards roll in. ★★★★★

BONDAGE BABES (ADAM & EVE)

Sometimes, with so much fresh porn coming out every single day, we don't take time out to appreciate what we've already got. Which is why it's sometimes nice to just stick in a 'Best of' and glop off to the recently retired. The bondage here is all on the very light, playful side, as you'd expect with Adam & Eve, but it's nice to stiffen the old erectile tissue over Brittany Andrews, Amber Michaels and Nicole Sheridan for the first time in a while. Brittany bums a man, by the way, which in no way did she get to do the time we met her in a NY Hotel. Oh no. ★★★★

WHORE HOUSE (HARMONY)

Whore House? Charming. I mean, we know that the ladies in these films aren't exactly 'tight', but let's treat them with a bit of respect, shall we? Especially when one of them is the wondrous Carla Cox, the blonde Euro babe here finding herself bum-first on a cock in a scene that can only be done justice by the word 'pounding'. Elsewhere, two lovelies share a knob, several knobs share a girl, and Gazzman shoots it all in his excellent, up-close style. He knows his ho's! ★★★★

PEACHES

The place to be for the world's dirtiest backdoor sex stories, where every girl gets a bum deal...

LEAVE LENGTH!

My fiancé Jason is in the army, which means he's away a lot of the time. But when we're together, we fuck like seriously horny rabbits! Recently, just before he was due home on leave, he asked me if there was anything I wanted him to bring back for me. "Just give me all the dick I can handle," I said. I just meant his – it's plenty for me. But when he came home, he brought his mate, Chris.

Okay, officially Chris was just crashing for the night before heading home. But Jason said he'd been hot for me since seeing my photo, and if I really wanted all the dick I could eat, he'd provide the extra. A few drinks later we were all naked on the couch, Chris playing with my big, natural boobs. He kept sucking on them, nuzzling his face between them, stubbled chin rough against my skin. Jason, meanwhile, was helping himself to pussy, first eating my honey off of his fingers, then diving his head in between my thighs to suck it from the source.

Now Chris stood up, dick rigid and pointing skyward, and I took it in my hand. Soon, my free palm was working Jason's too, and as I began to lick Chris' cockhead, I felt Jason get in behind me. He waited, just teasing my slit with the tip of his cock, watching what I did with his pal. Then as I sucked Chris a little deeper, Jason dipped his cock inside, then sunk in further, so I gasped and started sucking Chris hard.

His cock was big, but not big enough to totally muffle my moans and yelps, as Jason put his arse into shafting me. He's a big, tough guy who hadn't got any in months and his cock was straining hard in my hole. And I was so wet – I could feel my pussy slurping and slopping around his dick, streams of juices bubbling out to trickle down my inner thighs.

Even with all the great sex we've had, I'd never felt so satisfied as I did now, taking a dick at each end. Jason would slam me forward onto Chris' meat, and I'd suck on it for dear life, not wanting it to slide out as they both pulled back. Sometimes Jason would pull all the way out, only to slam in harder than ever, and then he got a hand on my clit. Somehow, I kept giving Chris head and heard him ask, could he cum in my mouth. I just nodded as I clamped my lips around his shaft, just under his helmet, and sucked like mad; and I kept on sucking until all that sweet thick cream had flowed out and down my throat.

"He told Chris to fuck me hard, really give my arse a deep dicking, I could take it..."

And now I'd tasted Chris' cum, I wasn't going to let him leave before my pussy got some of it too. Lucky for me, I didn't have to wait too long. Jason was giving him another fuck show, groaning about how my cunt was handjob-tight around his knob, then pulling out to cum on my crack, and using his helmet to wipe it over my skin.

Chris was rock hard again now, and my entire body was tingling with anticipation, wondering which hole he would stick it in. My arsehole must have looked so tempting, all pink and daubed with cum. Sure enough, he rammed deep in my bum, then pulled me back on the couch, spooning me with my legs splayed wide.

Jason is a real sweet boyfriend, but he loves to talk dirty. He began telling Chris to fuck me harder, really give my arse a good deep dicking, because I could take it. True enough, and he was soon humping so hard in and out, each stroke was thudding through my body. I tried to suck on Jason's dick, but I just couldn't focus on anything except the cock thrusting into my tight little arse.

Anyway, Jason was happy just to wank all over me, spraying my boobs and belly when he shot his load, seconds after Chris filled me to overflowing. Chris left the next morning and I was sorry to say goodbye, but Jason and his cock took my mind off of it. And I'm pretty sure Chris will visit with us next time they're on leave...

Patsy, Nottingham

SURF'S UP... MY ARSE!

I have an insatiable taste for horny, adrenaline-pumped surf guys, so I hit the beach by the breaks whenever I can. One time I did it with five different guys, including two in a threesome, sealing my reputation for being a total slut. So, when the

her tits…" and that set off a kind of chain reaction. Once that first load splattered on my boobs, the men began to step forward and cum on me, in turn. Then the girls moved in to lap it up, feeding me scoops of it. Finally, someone called to them to eat my cunt and sit on my face. I had no objections to that at all…
Gemma, Devon

SINGLE SLUTS!

When I split from my ex I moved in with a friend, Vanessa. I asked her what she did when she was single and needed to get some action – "Dress like a slut and hit a bar!" was her answer to that. I wasn't ready for that yet, so she said sex toys – my ex had never liked the idea so I'd never owned one.

We were a little tipsy and giggly, kicking back on her bed dressed in our nightshirts, so she showed me her vibrator. It was just a plain one and she'd had it for years but it always got her cumming. She'd tried other toys but nothing worked like this one. She told me to go ahead, give it a try.

I switched it on and slipped it inside, but didn't feel the shot of pleasure I'd expected. So she used it on herself, demonstrating it. As I watched her squirm on the bed, hips fucking upward as she worked it against her clit, I felt my cunt fill up with juices. I started playing with myself, holding my hole open.

She touched it to my clit, very lightly. It felt so good, but I was missing my ex's dick and I needed something inside of me. She slipped it in my cunt, started pounding away, then nuzzled my mound, kissing her way down to my clit. Her mouth closed over it, tonguing it as she sucked, and I immediately felt myself get aroused.

I'd cum thousands of times before, from sex with men and from

surfing hardcore threw a beach party, my kind of hardcore was in demand.

I started out dancing by the bonfire in a skimpy bikini – which I soon lost. Within an hour, I was completely naked in the dunes, with my first bang of the night pumping away between my outspread thighs.

He came inside of me and went to find some beer – and that's the last I saw of him. But his mate was hard and ready to pick up where he'd left off, except he flipped me over and raised my arse in the air, ramming me doggie style. Another few minutes and another load of cum was oozing out of my fanny, then spurting down my inner thighs as another hard-on penetrated me. This time I asked the fella to pull out when he hit the brink, to cum on me, and he obliged.

My pussy was throbbing as I lay there, warm sand under me and a cool breeze blowing over my naked body. I squirmed as his hot spunk splashed me, from tits to pussy, then slathered it all over my body. My antics were drawing a big crowd and two of my girlfriends rolled me over so the sand stuck to my jizz-wet skin.

"You bitches!" I yelled, laughing, and one of them sunk down to give me an apologetic kiss, followed by the other. They drizzled cold beer on my tits, rinsing off the sand, making them hard and flavouring them. Then they got sucking on them as I fingered their pussies.

Next up, I felt a bloke kneel in between my legs, pulling them up on his shoulders. He played with my twat a little while, then turned his attention to my arsehole. He had some lube – to help him pull his wetsuit on, was his story – but right now he was squirting it on my pucker. I reached down, coating his cock from root to tip with it, then guided it to its target.

Getting it inside of me was tricky. Each time I relaxed my arse, one of the girls would suck really hard on my tits so my body would go taut. Finally, though, he pushed past my tight muscles, and started fucking me slow and steady. I shut my eyes and when I opened them again, some other guy was dangling his dick over my face. He wasn't stiff yet, but some sucking soon fixed that.

When I felt fingers on my clit, I figured it was the man fucking my arse. But when I had a look, I saw a third girl smile at me. She tasted me off of her fingers, then winked and bowed her head to give my clit a lick.

It's no surprise that I began cumming within seconds on the end of the big dick in my bumhole. The guy in my mouth began to shoot, and so I spit him out and aimed him at my boobs. The girls just kept on sucking, not caring where it was splashing, and I was cumming like crazy, arse tight around the dick inside of it until that began to spunk too.

I called out for a beer, spent for now, but as I lay there drinking it, I saw the people crowded around me. It was mostly men wanking off but also a few broadminded girls doing the honours for their boyfriends while they watched.

Then one bloke said, "I'm going to cum all over

masturbating, but never like the orgasm building up now. The louder I moaned the harder she went. I wriggled out of my nightie and started to caress my own tits.

The vibrator was hard, relentless, pounding up against the top of my pussy. My clit was one big mass of nerves and I felt like I'd lose control at any moment. "Just go with it," said Vanessa, like she was reading my mind, and I instantly came, my snatch tugging on the shaft before she slipped it out and rubbed it all over my clit. Then I almost bucked myself off of the bed.

She gave me a few seconds, then sucked my pussy, really tenderly, making me cum again but gentler and longer this time.

By the time I was done, I was a total wreck, a trembling mass of sweat on the sheets, while she was intent on licking up every last drop of

"Her cunt literally poured with juices as she came, arsehole clasping my fingers tight..."

cunt juice she could find.

One drink later we started going at it again, this time with Vanessa's fingers teasing the crease of my arse. She got me to admit that I liked anal with the right man, one whose dick wouldn't stop and who gave it to me how I liked it. "Tell me what you like, then," she said.

"I'd like you to cum too," I told her, and we got in a sixty-nine. I soaked my fingers in her pussy, right down to the knuckle, with plenty of juice to get her arsehole nice and slick too. She was tight but it only took a little pressure to sneak a fingertip inside. Then I inserted another.

Then we just fucked each other full-on, me thrusting in and out, knuckle deep, while Vanessa ploughed my arse with her toy. We built up a steady fuck-rhythm, and I licked her clit, my free hand stretching it tight over her pubic bone. She was whimpering, then screaming with pleasure and her cunt literally poured with juices as she came, arsehole clasping my fingers tight.

I started to cum soon after, felt it shake every muscle in my crotch. Vanessa was dazed but still made me orgasm – it just came naturally to her.

We've been having fun as two single girls for a while now, but we've agreed we need some cock before we forget how good it feels! So we're going to dress like sluts and hit a club – Vanessa knows a place we're guaranteed to get lucky. So will the two men who get to do us, no holes barred. We're even thinking of making it a foursome, if they're okay with the idea. Somehow, I think that they will be...

Eve, South London ♣

Got a tale to contribute to Club's arse archive?
Send your bum banter to: **Peaches, Club International, 3rd Floor, 207 Old Street, London EC1V 9NR**, or you can e-mail them to us at ***clubint@paulraymond.com***. There's £50 for every letter we print, don't worry, we'll change all the names to protect the not-so-innocent!

CRACK TO THE FUTURE

WE GO BACK IN TIME TO CHECK OUT CLASSIC CLUBS AND THE GIRLS OF YESTERYEAR. JUST AS SOON AS WE'VE FIXED THE FLUX CAPACITOR...

1

Marion

Marion, at 24, is no stranger to nude modelling. She's been a keen naturist for five years!

"I first went to a naturist beach while I was on holiday about five years ago," Marion told us while she was putting sun oil in some *very* strange places. "It just felt so wonderfully free to be able to let my boobs loose and bare my pussy to the sun. So the next year I went on a specialist naturist holiday, where I didn't wear any clothes for the entire fortnight. Heaven!

Photographs by Ulf Stjernbo

NAME OF THE GAME

1990, and *Club*'s then editor is continuing the long tradition of misnaming well-named girls. Thus the semi-legendary Kirsten Imrie, Scotland's finest sex-based export, is here called Marion. It's a bit like having Sam Fox in your mag and calling her Audrey. Not that we're saying it hasn't happened since...

ROGER WHITTAKER

The problem with signing a girl with as big a name and fanbase as Maria Whittaker, is that you're not going to see any fanny. Thus it was that Maria was a *Club* regular for a brief period, despite failing to reveal even a whiff of pube. She's beautiful, her funbags are mighty, but where's a bit of lippage when you need it?

FILO UNDER EXTINCT

Any episode of *I Love The 90's* is incomplete without the filofax. And, in a brilliant twist, *Club* cashed in on that timeless idea with the Filosex. Yes, your very own cut-out-and-keep-until-it-goes-a-bit-tatty portable girl to file with your addresses and beeper numbers. Eeh, it was all apps back then...

BLOOPER SCOOPER

They say you shouldn't work with children and animals and, of course, nowhere is that truer than in pornography. But occasionally a pussy will creep in shot when you're trying to concentrate on, well, pussy. In fact, this cat isn't so much lurking as making a manic attack on this poor model's bits. As for the arse out the window? Frankly, we haven't a clue. ♣

2

Exclusive my my Maria!

Top Page Three girl Maria Whittaker's new regular column – only in Club!

Hi there, lads, and welcome back to my exclusive column in Club. After my lie-in between the sheets last issue, this month I've squeezed my frame into a riding outfit just like you asked. It's a bit tight around the flanks, but I'm sure you won't

3

filo sex

club INTERNATIONAL

Fluff

No highly personal organiser would be complete without a look at places to eat out, and Filosex is no exception. Here is a dish most men can't wait to get their lips around. Hot, sweet and very tasty, she can satisfy any appetite.

"I've always enjoyed a romantic candelit dinner for two - especially if I'm on the menu," she told us. The house specialities? Cherry nipples, a bite-size bottom and juicy pussy pie for afters.

But the cosy informal atmosphere of the four-coarse meal doesn't end there. This must be the only joint in town where the staff eat the customers.

We asked our resident restaurant reviewer Nathaniel Fatbastard to take a look at the facilities at this particular eaterie, but so far he hasn't returned. Last time he phoned in he mentioned something about being up to his ears in it.♣

4

OOOPS!

Yes, it's more bimbo bloopers saved from behind the Editor's desk!

No beating around the bush - this pussy has spotted a namesake and plans to make friends. Let's hope baleful Lena looks before it leaps or she could wind up with claws in her... contract

Getting into this cottage proved a pane in the arse for Debbie, when our bum of a lensman accidentally locked them out. Instead she slipped into this tight hole on the inside of the building. Cheeky!♣

PHOTOS: HICKS

SHYLA BOFF!

These Yanks have a special relationship...

You can't see us in these photos, but we were there, trying to put ourselves in the middle of Shyla and Nikki whenever a gap presented itself. You can't blame us for wanting to be in a sexy sandwich, but they weren't having it.

Maybe it's because they were getting so carried away. Turns out Shyla has got just about the most flexible tongue in the business, and it was working wonders on Nikki's nethers. Nikki, it further transpires, has a banshee-like wail when she cums, which is sexier than it sounds.

So how does Nikki return the favour? With her patented two-finger, one tongue oral sex method, developed over many hours spent between the legs of similar-minded ladies. Shyla's noise when she climaxes is considerably more demure, but still enough to rattle the windows.

By now, we've given up all hope of being invited in to the fray but, you know what? We're okay with that. As long as we get to watch, we're happy with that. ♣

Nikki & Shyla get all sticky at...
www.paulraymond.com/club

NIKKI & SHYLA

What our well-placed moles are telling us this month...

DOWN THE WIRE

Jailed: Con Artist Who Put The 'Mug' in Mugabe

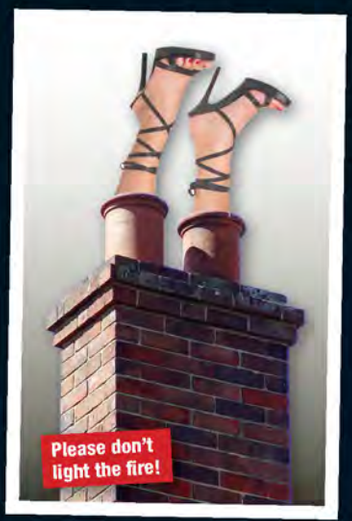
Ms. Nomatter Tagarira was recently jailed for 39 months for fraud after making Zimbabwe President Robert Mugabe and several officials look like a right bunch of nuggets. Three years ago, Nomatter Tagarira convinced Mugabe and his mates that by chanting into a rockface she had the paranormal ability to locate diesel fuel in the ground and make it spurt to the surface.

This feat she accomplished by secreting sidekicks in nearby bushes who sent oil gushing up from among the shrubs using a pump, and the President was so impressed that he rewarded the enterprising scamstress with a $2.7 million fee and the loan of a 50-vehicle convoy for her dowsing missions. The happy president turned nasty, however, when the ruse was only twigged to by his advisers after an entire year.

Hearths And Flowers

A 49-year-old female doctor in Bakersfield, California, whose relationship with her boyfriend was described by friends as 'on-again, off-again' has accidentally called it off altogether this time around.

The lovelorn lady physician recently perished when, after the boyfriend had locked her out of his house, she tried to gain entrance by sliding down the chimney. Unfortunately she proved to be a little too curvy to make it all the way down, became stuck and was asphyxiated. Make your own Santa joke...



Dances With Stools

A one-woman 'dance' recital by performer-writer Ann Liv Young as a naked Cinderella at a theatre in Brooklyn, New York ran overtime because Young could not force out a dump, which was to have been performed live on stage. According to an awe-struck and nauseated New York Times reviewer and members of a gobsmacked audience, Young sought tips from the front rows to get her bowels moving before finally giving up and ending the performance. The reviewer wrote that the show evinced 'many layers of failure'.

On a happier note for the notorious 'performance artist', Ann Liv effortlessly squeezed out a huge log in a subsequent performance in Sweden, selling bags of her poop to the audience at the door as they left after the show.

Lead-filled Crim Shrugs Off 21 Bullet Wounds

During a shootout in New York City a few months ago, 23-year-old thug Angel Alvarez was involved in a shootout with another man and – moments later – five city cops in a hail of gunfire and rushed to Harlem Hospital, where doctors saved his life… after removing 21 bullets from his body.

NYPD sources say Alvarez was arguing with 22-year-old Luis Soto when he allegedly shot him and then turned his gun on five officers arriving on the scene. The police shot back, and the conflict ended with Alvarez weighing considerably more than prior to the fight due to all the bullets inside him, Soto dead and six others injured, including a police officer blasted in the chest by a colleague.

The officer hit in the chest is still recovering, but Alvarez is up and about and giving lip in the Manhattan criminal court where he is already limber enough to appear. Alvarez's own sister has described her brother's miraculous survival as 'ridiculous'.

Scooby Doh! – Phantom Loco Ghosthunters Lose Man To Real Train

Twenty-nine-year-old Christopher Kaiser, one of a dozen self-styled 'ghost hunters' on a field trip in Iredell County, North Carolina, to investigate a rumoured ghost train which killed 30 people in an 1891 crash and allegedly returns every year on the anniversary, has been killed by a real train which caught the group unawares.

The original crash, near Statesville, North Carolina, took place at 3am and seven carriages toppled from a rail bridge into a ravine. Local legend holds that the sounds of the whistle of the train and the screams of the plunging passengers can be heard again on the anniversary.

Mr Kaiser was waiting on a trestle at 2.45am when the real train, consisting of three locomotives, came hurtling round a bend. The ghost hunters began running back along the trestle and most of them made it the 150ft to safety, with Mr Kaiser managing to push the woman with him to safety, though she and one other person were injured. ♣

NEXT ISSUE • NEXT ISSUE • NEXT ISSUE • NEXT ISSUE • NEXT ISSUE • NEXT ISSUE • NEXT ISSUE • NEXT ISSUE • NEXT ISSUE • NEXT ISSUE • NEXT ISSUE • NEXT ISSUE

ISSUE 40.1
ON SALE
31 DECEMBER
2010

SANDY: STILL GOT IT...

Readers Girlfriend Dani graduates. And how!

This is Tenaya. If you ask nicely, you can touch them gently!

?

Sasha helps us celebrate our 40th birthday. Bottoms up!

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